

And I will take thy word, yet if thou swear'st,
Thou maiest proue false: at Louers periuries
They say *Loue* laugh, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost *Loue*, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,
He frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe: But else not for the world.
In truth faire *Montague* I am too fond:
And therefore thou maiest thinke my behauiour light,
But trust me Gentleman, he proue more true,
Then those that haue coying to be strange,
I should haue beene more strange, I must confesse,
But that thou ouerheard'st ere I was ware
My true *Loues* passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impure this yeelding to light *Loue*,
Which the darke night hath so discouered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder Moone I vow,
That tips with siluer all these Fruite tree tops.
Jul. O sweare not by the Moone, th'inconstant Moone,
That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,
Least that thy *Loue* proue likewise variable.
Rom. What shall I sweare by?
Jul. Do not sweare at all:
O if thou wilt sweare by thy gracious selfe,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And he beleue thee.
Rom. If my hearts deare *Loue*.
Jul. Well do not sweare, although I loy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too vnaduis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
Ere, one can say, it lightens: Sweete good night:
This bud of *Loue* by Summers ripening breath,
May proue a beaurious Flower when next we meete:
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.
Rom. O wilt thou leaue me so vn-satisfied?
Jul. What satisfaction canst thou haue to night?
Rom. Th'exchange of thy *Loues* faithfull vow for mine.
Jul. I gaue thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.
Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it,
For what purpose *Loue*?
Jul. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,
My bounty is as boundlesse as the Sea,
My *Loue* as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are Infinite:
I heare some noyle within deare *Loue* adue:

Cals within.

Anon good Nurse, sweet *Montague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.

Rom. O blessed blessed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweet to be substantiall.

Jul. Three words deare *Romeo*,
And goodnight indeed,
If that thy beat of *Loue* be Honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that he procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my Fortunes at thy foote he lay,
And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.

Within: Madam.

I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,
I do beseech thee

Within: Madam.

(By and by I come)
To cease thy strife, and leaue me to my griefe,
To morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soule.

Jul. A thousand times goodnight.

Romeo. A thousand times the worse to want thy light,
Loue goes toward *Loue* as school-boys fro their books
But *Loue* fro *Loue*, towards schoole with heauie lookes.

Exit.

Enter *Juliet* againe.

Jul. Hift *Romeo* hift: O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe,
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud,
Else would I tear the Caue where *Eccho* lies,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then
With repetition of my *Romeo*.

Rom. It is my soule that calls vpon my name,
How siluer sweet, sound Louers tongues by night,
Like softest Musicke to attending eares.

Jul. *Romeo*.

Rom. My Neece.

Jul. What a clock to morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the houre of nine.

Jul. I will not faile, 'tis twenty yeares till then,
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to haue thee still stand there,
Remembering how I *Loue* thy company.

Rom. And he still stay, to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no further then a wantons Bird,

That let's it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted Gyues,

And with a silken thred plucks it backe againe,
So louing Iealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy Bird.

Jul. Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:

Good night, good night.

Rom. Parting is such sweete sorrow,
That I shall say goodnight, till it be morrow.

Jul. Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.

Rom. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest,
The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,

Checking the Easterne Clouds with streakes of light,
And darknesse fleckel'd like a drunkard reeles,

From forth dayes pathway, made by *Titans* wheeles.
Hence will I to my ghostly Fries close Cell,

His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

Exit.

Enter *Frier* alone with a basket.

Fri. The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the Easterne Cloudes with streaks of light:

And fleckled darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles:

Now ere the Sun aduance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,

I must vpfill this Oser Cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious Iuiced flowers,

The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tombe,
What is her burying graue that is her wombe:

And from her wombe children of diuers kind

We

We sucking on her naturall bosome find:
Many for many vertues excellent:
None but for some, and yet all different.
Omickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, Hearbs, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile, that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth some speciall good doth giue.
Nor ought so good, but straine'd from that faire vse,
Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter *Romeo*.

Within the infant rind of this weake flower,
Poysen hath residence, and medicine power:
For this being smelt, with that part cheeres each part,
Being tasted slayes all fences with the heart.
Two such opposed Kings encampe them still,
In man as well as Hearbes, grace and rude will:
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.

Rom. Good morrow Father.

Fri. Benedicite.

What early tongue so sweet salueth me?
Young Sonne, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed;
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where Care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye:
But where vnbrused youth with vntuft braine
Doth couch his lims, there, golden sleepe doth raigne;
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art vprousd with some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right.

Our *Romeo* hath not beene in bed to night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin: wast thou with *Rosaline*?

Rom. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly Father? No,

I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.

Fri. That's my good Son, but wher hast thou bin then?

Rom. He tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:

I haue beene feasting with mine enemy,

Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,

That's by me wounded: both our remedies

Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies:

I beare no hatred, blessed man: for loe

My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plaine good Son, rest homely in thy drift,

Ridling confession, findes but ridling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my hearts deare *Loue* is set,

On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;

And all combin'd, saue what thou must combine

By holy marriage: when and where, and how,

We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:

He tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,

That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

Fri. Holy S. *Francis*, what a change is heere?

Is *Rosaline* that thou didst *Loue* so deare

So soone forsaken? young mens *Loue* then lies

Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Iesu *Maria*, what a deale of brine

Hath wast thy fallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?

How much salt water throwne away in wast,

To season *Loue* that of it doth not tast.

The Sun not yet thy sighes, from heauen cleares,

Thy old grones yet ringing in my auncient eares:

Lo here vpon thy cheekes the staine doth sit,

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